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**10 SECOND JIMMY  
BY  
Kevin J. McNulty**

**MFA Imaging Arts/Computer Animation  
SCHOOL OF FILM AND ANIMATION  
ROCHESTER INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY  
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK  
June, 2006**

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## Chapter 1: The Long Road

The journey was long and arduous. It spanned over three years. There were highs and there were lows. Blood, sweat, and tears were spilled. Through it all the goal, though not always clear, remained in sight. It was the journey... of *10 Second Jimmy*.

Fresh off the “success” of my second 3D animated film endeavor, *Don't Drop the Soap*, I was completely spent. I was physically, emotionally, and most importantly, mentally drained. The week between our winter quarter and our spring quarter left little time for us second year grads to catch our breaths. There would be no trips to Cancun to partake in the hedonistic debauchery. No, this year my “spring break” (in February no less) would be consumed by my thesis. Though, hard as I may have tried this time, I had absolutely no luck coming up with a story. I couldn't even come up with anything that even remotely resembled a coherent idea. I was still mentally exhausted from my previous film. Ironically enough, the harder I tried to come up with an idea, the more frustrated I became, thus making my mental block thicker and thicker.

School resumed with the start of the 2001 spring quarter, and without an idea, I knew I was going to be behind the rest of the class. I had always taken pride in myself (in my own delusional opinion) on being one of the better students in my class. I measured myself, based not necessarily on the technical aspects (though I was pretty good) of my projects and films, but rather on the content of them. The goal of nearly

99% of my projects was to make my audience laugh. I succeeded at nearly every one of them. Success, according to me, was defined as getting a laugh and being remembered the next day and beyond. I built up a reputation at this school, for being over the top, outrageous, and in many cases a tad disgusting. There was a lot riding on this film. So, coming back to school with absolutely nothing, made me sick to my stomach.

Luckily, only a handful of my fellow classmates had ideas. Everyone else was in the same boat I was. We were all counting down to our own mental breakdowns. A bunch of us attempted to get together and brain storm ideas. To no avail, it merely resulted in us getting drunk and passing out on a couch or floor. As the weeks went on, however, one by one my classmates all came up with their ideas. The number of us “losers without a story” was dwindling.

I had to snap out of my funk. It was time to break out the big guns. It had slipped my mind initially, but when I was in undergrad I had come up with what I thought was a sure fire way to get my creative juices flowing; a type of mental rejuvenation if you will. First I would light a bunch of candles (preferably scented). Next I would turn out all the lights. I would then put on one of favorite CD's at the time, a bootleg copy of some of Alanis Morissette's concerts entitled “Wishful Whispers” which I found at one of our local new and used CD shops. Finally, with the music blaring and the candles burning, I would pace, back and fourth in a circle, it didn't matter as long as I was moving. One night I set my plan into action. The music played, the flames were high, and I paced. It was all there.

However, before I knew it the CD was nearing its end, the wax was dripping everywhere, and there I was, leg muscles filled with lactic acid and still without an idea. What went wrong? Thinking I didn't do it right, I tried it again, this time paging through books and magazines with lots and lots of pictures. I struggled with every page staring intently at every picture. All I needed was one idea; something, anything. Nothing ignited creativity in me. Somehow, I was mentally constipated.

Where were all these brilliant ideas I thought I had? What happened to that quick wit and humor that got me through all my other projects and films? This realization hit me like a slap in the face. My creativity was all dried up. I had to face facts. I was already washed up at age 24. One of the few good traits that I felt defined who I was as a person was gone. Without my creativity, I was only a shell of my former self. This ill-fated insight threw me into a state of what I consider a depression.

Days went by and I was still in my miserable rut. I figured as long as I wasn't writing, I might as well get something done on my thesis. There was a bunch of paperwork that still had to be completed. With the exception of a timeline, the marketing plan and budget were kind of worthless at this stage. Without a story, I had nothing to really springboard myself into a plan.

Getting the right committee members wasn't all that difficult. I was at such a desperate and fragile stage, that I would have pretty much done anything short of selling my body (not that there was a market for it) to get the committee members I wanted. When all was said and done, I landed

Howard Lester as the Chair of my committee, Bernie Roddy as someone with a master's degree outside of R.I.T., and with a little coercing, Skip Battaglia. It was during my begging and pleading session with Skip that a funny thing happened, I started thinking again. *He* started me thinking again. I had dug my mind into such a hole, I completely forgot my roots. I needed to go back to the basics. You see, it was during this talk Skip said something that sparked thought in me. Skip said, in so many words, that you can't write about something that you don't know. In other words I'd have to either do research or experience something first hand. So at this stage in the game, I knew I had little or no time left to do any research. That left only one thing, my experiences. The problem was, had I experienced anything worth writing about?

That night I sat down and started jotting down topics of things that I felt I knew. The first thing I wrote was "comedy." Well, that was a no-brainer. Of course I was going to do a comedy. If this film was going to take a year or more to get done, I had to like the genre it was in. The rest of the topics were just random things like, "skiing," or "art." They weren't anything I was very knowledgeable about, just mere hobbies I enjoyed. Then way down at the bottom of the list was "television." Of course, why didn't I think of it before? What else do I know better than television and film? Hell, I've spent the better part of my life in front of the television. Just saying the answer aloud seemed to instantaneously clear my head of the fog that was writers block. The hard part was over. Now I just needed a story to follow.



With the base of television to work from, I got out my "Top Ten List." I considered this list to be my "go to" list. The list mainly comprised of topics that I felt many people avoid talking about for fear of offending others. Topics on this list varied from 'death' to 'masturbation' to even 'cross dressing.' Granted there were more than ten of these, but calling the list my "Top Ten List" had a better ring to it. I always found it strange that many people avoid certain topics for fear of insulting someone. I've always thought, 'Why not talk about them?' What's the harm in opening a dialogue about something? So what if I say something a bit off color. If we can't talk about it, how can we learn from it? By concealing the topic in gags and comedy, it makes it easier to swallow. No topic should be so taboo that the mere mention of it solicits wide eyes and gasps. I poured over the list, crossing off any topics I had all ready covered in other films and class projects. Gone was "anal rape, abortion, homosexuality" and a handful of others. The idea came to me almost instantly. I frantically began writing for fear that my inspiration would abandon me again. I lifted my head up from my computer, pushed myself away from the keyboard, and took a deep breath. I looked back at the screen and reread what I had written:

"The basic premise of my thesis is that a mildly retarded boy is left home alone for the first time in front of the television. As the boy watches television alone, he mimics everything he sees. But his interpretation of what he sees is a bit skewed."

I stared at it for a little while and then something happened that hadn't happened in a long time. I began to smile. But it wasn't just a smile; it was one of those full blown, big-toothed, ear to ear smiles. "This is it!" I thought to myself. "This is gold, pure comedy gold!"

Unfortunately, at the time of writing this "masterpiece" I was still in a state of delirium from being creatively inept. Things that seemed funny and groundbreaking at the time were merely juvenile and amateurish. So when I received my first feedback from Skip, whose opinion I respected greatly, I wasn't entirely prepared for what I was about to hear. To paraphrase, Skip said the story was "crap;" pure and simple. He explained in his comments that I broke one of his cardinal rules. He said, "Watching a film about people who are watching television is *not* interesting." He went on to say that this was essentially a "freshman film." I was crushed. The problem wasn't Skip's honest critique, what hurt the most was that I knew he was right. I was too blinded by the joy of thinking that I was out of my funk to see it. One final comment of Skip's really struck a cord with me. He said that as a film maker, "You have the luxury of saying what you want. Be sure it's worthwhile hearing at this point." Skip hit the nail on the head. I wasn't *saying anything*, at least nothing 'worthwhile', in my treatment. What I needed as a base for my film was something personal from inside me.

Days passed and I was back in my rut. I was beginning to wear holes in the carpet from my constant pacing. I knew I had something

poignant to say, the problem was finding it. Of course my dilemma went deeper when I thought about what might happen if I didn't find something to say. What would that say about *me*?

After one sleepless night around four in the morning, I pondered if my problems of not coming up with a decent film idea were because of content at all. Perhaps they stemmed from another source, like genre. I quickly dismissed the notion arguing to myself that comedy was in my roots and always will be. However, because I was in such a desperate situation, I decided to *briefly* entertain the idea of changing my genre to something other than humor. Lying there in bed, staring at the chipped painted ceiling, I asked myself this question; "What experiences have I had that were *not* funny?" My parents are still married, I have never been homeless, and I've always had food on my plate. The only true "traumatizing" experiences I've had revolved around my health. Although, I felt I had already played that card way too many times to write about it again.

I sat there and replayed my life from start to finish through my mind in an attempt to find something that had happened to me personally. As I rehashed my life it appeared to me that, with the exception of large chunks of time devoted to my health, I've had a pretty good life. Through thick and thin, my family and friends have always been there for me when I needed them the most. My *loved ones* had really gotten me through some tough times. Then it occurred to me; my "loved ones." The answer had been staring at me in the face even before puberty. It was the one thing that had

been plaguing me for years; love; finding love; being in love; everything about love. Being a hopeless romantic, I could write a story about love and I already knew what story I could tell. It would be a story about “lost love.”

“Lost love” was something I knew about all too well. During my sophomore year in undergrad, I started dating this girl who I’ll just call “B.M.” She was my first *real* girlfriend, in the sense that we did more than just hold hands. Let me rephrase that; she *allowed* me to do more than just hold hands. I was head-over-heels, madly infatuated with her. I had never felt this way about any girl before. Perhaps I was even in love. Though, I’m still not entirely sure what I felt. Either way, it wasn’t meant to be. School ended for the summer and we both had to go back to our separate homes. We only lived two hours apart but we still called and wrote letters to each other. This was back in the Stone Age when not many people had the internet at home. During this break, B.M. went to a summer camp where she was a camp counselor. There wasn’t a phone for her to use and the letters became few and far between. I had a sinking suspicion that things were becoming not right between us. Then one unforgettable day in July, shortly after I sent her some homemade cookies, I finally received a letter from her. It stated that I was “low on her priority scale” and that she didn’t want me to write or send her anything else. She ended it by saying she’ll see me in school in September.

I was beyond crushed. After about the 50<sup>th</sup> time reading it, dissecting every letter, every word; I had come to the realization that my relationship with B.M. was over. The pit of my stomach fell to the floor and

my throat seemed to swell to the size of Florida. To add insult to injury, after returning to school in the fall, I found out that she had cheated on me with some guy at the camp. For nearly my entire junior year in college, I was in a thick depression. I felt useless, abandoned and alone. She was the first girl with whom I had actually let my guard down. I had spent the better part of my life building up walls around me to protect myself. I had felt comfortable enough around her that I could let her see the inner me. It never occurred to me what might happen if we broke-up. Without my walls of protection I felt naked and empty. I blamed myself for her leaving. Was I overweight? Was I too needy? Was I not there enough for her? I felt it must be something that I did. My depression became so severe that I actually contemplated not being around. Luckily, my laziness got the best of me. It became apparent that it would be too much work to do anything. Plus, I didn't want to miss any episodes of *Friends* or *ER*.

This was my inspiration for my story. I immediately began brainstorming ideas. I certainly couldn't tell the "true" story, rather, my story needed to be about the emotions and feelings behind it. I only needed the essence of what I went through, not the facts. I had to take some creative license. I promptly whipped out my "Top Ten List" and combed the various entries for ideas. Randomly, I began filling in the blanks of my story with a variety of "taboo" vocabulary. When I was through, this is what I came up with; an elderly couple has a fight; the old man gets kicked out; he becomes so depressed he wants to kill himself;

he proceeds to a store that specializes in assisted suicide. This was it, this was my thesis.

## Chapter 2: The First Steps

How on earth did I squeeze that out of my own personal experiences? Clearly, the mind works in strange ways. So with my main ideas in place and Alias Maya as my software of choice, I began to work. I wanted characters that were a bit different than my usual middle aged characters. Seeing as this was supposed to be my “best” film to date, I wanted to pull out all the stops. I wanted to have multiple characters to test different types of character animation. I went with an extreme; old age. I figured I could really create some great characters using elderly people as my main cast. Plus, having elderly people lent itself to plenty of comedic visual gags; saggy breasts, urine bags, and pants hiked up to the chest.

My main character, the old man came to me by pure accident. He was a simple sketch really, that started from a blind gestural sketch, a technique I learned from a part time instructor, Marcus Conge (see Appendix D). This type of sketch involves taking a pencil and paper and start moving your hand. The key is to never erase anything. Sometimes, I don’t even take my pencil off the paper. When done, the paper looks like just a bunch of simple doodles drawn on it. However, if you look closer you begin to see things (characters in this case) within the sketches. This effortless exercise acts as a Rorschach Test. When my sketches were done, I began to see the face of an old man. By simply adding a pair of eyes, the sketch began to take on a life of its own. I wanted to add every

“old man” physical stereotype I could think of. I gave him glasses, little tufts of gray hair in his nose and ears, and bushy unkempt eyebrows. The hair was later toned down a little due to increased rendering times using Maya Fur. However, I kept a small patch of hair on the top and sides of his head and his fuzzy eyebrows.

My main goal, though, was to keep the old man likable and maybe even lovable. To me, the eyes would be the most important physical feature of the old man. I created his eyes large and almost child-like in their expression. They needed to be innocent. To add an extra cartoonish element of to him, I attached his eyes to his glasses, not his head. This left a noticeable and unique distance between his glasses and face. The clothing came to me rather quickly as well. I exaggerated the height of the pants to the point that they were just below the old man’s nipples. In the end, the pants were similar to Urkel’s (Jaleel White), the nerdy kid from the late 1980’s television show *Family Matters*. The cuffs of the pants showed his ankles, and the inseam left nothing to the imagination for the crotch. I then added a simple buttoned up shirt with a side pocket, like my grandfather used to wear. Instead of creating normal shoes, I gave the old man socks and slippers. To me this insinuated that the man is so old, he doesn’t bother putting shoes on anymore. I came up with the color patterns for both the shirt and pants by combining articles of clothing my grandfather used to wear with what many fashion-challenged golfers wear. I realized early on that the plaid pants would be difficult to texture in 3D



space, but I figured that since this was my thesis, I should step up a notch from what was in my previous films.

The design of Judith again came from a gestural sketch (see Appendix D). I also wanted to steer clear of a character that looked like she was related to Jimmy somehow. My other characters from *Don't Drop the Soap* (Harold) and *Loose Stool* (Cecil from my first film) look like they are related to Jimmy. Now, I often say that Cecil is the son, Harold is the father, and Jimmy is the grandfather.

Judith needed to have characteristics that Jimmy didn't have. For instance, Judith's eyes are just small black spheres. I exaggerated the length of Judith's chest to the point that her breasts have completely succumbed to gravity. When Judith runs, her boobs stretch to about twice their length. Her clothing came from blurry memories of what my mother used to wear when I was younger. From what I can recall, she often wore a blue zip-up robe while watching *Barney Miller* at night. The pink fuzzy slippers were added for color and texture, my mother never wore those. As an additional physical character trait, Judith was given a large butt that giggled when she ran. There was never any deep meaning behind all the exaggerated body parts I put in my films, they're just meant to be visually funny.

The hard part was done. For the first time in months, I honestly felt like I could breathe. My chest no longer hurt and my head stopped throbbing. I had never felt more relieved in my life. With the weight of the world off my shoulders, I began to create a brand new world.

It had been nearly 5 years since my incident with B.M. I knew now that it wasn't anything I had done or not done to expedite the breakup. However, I wanted the reason for my old couple breaking up to be the fault of my old man. I felt that if he did something accidental, the audience would see it and feel sorry for him. His wife, however, would be blind to the old mans ignorance and place the "blame" totally on him. The old man needed to be the "loveable loser," the kind of guy that you root for, but always comes up just a little short. Whatever the old man did, it had to be something he was doing for years and this time would "one too many" for the old woman.

I then proceeded to put my own dirty spin on the situation. I initially thought the old man had to do multiple things wrong to get the old woman so upset. On the list of wrong-doings were petty things like drinking milk out of the carton, staring at an attractive woman as she walked by, and having horrendous table manners. The *crème de la crème*, however, would be that the old man was "too quick in bed." I felt that this had to be one of the top ten pet peeves most women have about their husbands or boyfriends. Plus, the characters being elderly added an extra comical edge to the situation. Many people have the stereotype that the elderly are "too old" to have sex. The taboo being, I'm sure there are plenty of elderly that still have sex; however, most people prefer not to talk about it. Ultimately, after multiple revisions, I dropped the extraneous pet peeves and left the one true exaggerated motivator; premature ejaculation.

After being kicked out, the old man recollects upon what he did wrong and feels remorse, thus leading him to contemplate suicide. By chance, the old man wanders upon a store that carries items to assist suicide. This was the other main driving force for the story besides the old man. Being a fan of *The Simpson's* for years, I took a queue from there. In *The Simpson's*, many of the episodes featured the characters shopping. Almost every time, the stores are so specialized, they sell only one type of product. For example, Ned Flanders' store sells all things for left handed people. I thought, why not have a store that actually sold products that help you kill yourself?

I wanted the store have a never-ending supply of products like nooses, cyanide, and hand guns. My first thought was that the store needed to be big, like "Super Wal-Mart" big. I had envisioned an over-shoulder long shot with the old man in the foreground looking up at this behemoth of a building. I also wanted the store to have a "fun for the whole family" appearance. The irony of course would be that though it looks "fun and friendly," it was clearly not a place for happy times. To hammer the irony home, the store needed some type of mascot that might appeal to kids. Probably one of the most famous mascots related with kids is Ronald McDonald. A clown mascot was the perfect choice.

My initial inspiration came from Krusty the Clown from *The Simpson's*. Krusty's demeanor and attitude was a nice springboard for my clown. He, however, needed to be a bit darker and more disgruntled since his job is promoting death. This also makes him bitter, slightly demented,

and maniacal. The look for Krusty was also a far cry from what I envisioned my clown to be. I wanted something more along the lines of *Killer Klowns from Outer Space*; a cheesy “horror” film from 1988 from the makers of such classics as...well...as nothing else. The clowns in this film were the true inspiration (see Appendix G for examples). The name “Snuffy the Clown” was given by a fellow graduate student, Seth McCaughey. It was a play on words using the slang term “snuff,” as in “The mobster snuffed the stool pigeon.” Overall, Snuffy evolved from a composite of multiple clown personas.

The old man’s encounter with Snuffy is brief. The clown stops the old man, whips out a balloon, blows it up, and then proceeds to make a “balloon hang-man” (see Appendix E). Initially, the scene itself does nothing to further the story except that it introduces Snuffy the Clown to the audience.

Then the old man spies something out of the corner of this eye. Down on the middle shelf is something every old man dreams of; *a sale*. I thought it quite typical that the old man would be shopping in a store for an item to kill himself, yet he still can’t pass up a great sale to save a few extra cents. The sale itself is simply an unnamed bottle of pills. Just as the old man eyes the sale, so does Jaundice at the opposite end of the isle.

Jaundice was named after the disease. He was designed to mirror a different point of view on the subject matter, that of a person that truly does have a valid reason to want to die. Jaundice had everything imaginable wrong with him. In my first composite of him, I wanted to steer

away from my usual character design style. I created his head as large as I could feasibly without violating the physics of the world I created. I later scrapped that design and went with something more pathetic. Jaundice didn't look sick enough to me with just the large head. He needed to be more emaciated. In the end, I went with a final design that had Jaundice in a wheelchair, oxygen tank; a blood line, one leg, urine bag, and claw for a left hand (see Appendix F). Jaundice was designed to be an adversary to the old man. I wasn't sure how the audience would react to this since he looked so weak and helpless. Ideally, the audience would care enough for the old man that any character that creates an obstacle for him would be considered the enemy.

The two characters size each other up, with close-ups on both of their eyes, similar to an old spaghetti western at high noon or a really bad kung-fu flick. They race toward the middle of the isle for the pills; the old man running and Jaundice speeding in his electric wheelchair. They grab the bottle at the same time and struggle with it a bit. During the tug-of-war, the old man inadvertently hits Jaundice's control lever to the wheelchair. The wheelchair malfunctions, sending Jaundice shooting backwards down the isle. With the camera still on the old man, we hear Jaundice, off camera, crashing into a display. I didn't want to show the actual crash mainly because I'm horrible at creating dynamics, but I felt that often actions can be funnier when left to the imagination of the audience than to actually show them happening. Triumphant, the old man leaves the store.

This is where my story got sketchy. My first few drafts never really had a decent ending. I had no idea where to take my story from here. I knew there was an ending somewhere; I just didn't know how to get to it. Endings have always been my weak suit. Even with my prior film, *Don't Drop the Soap*, I didn't come up with my final ending until about two weeks before I was completely finished with the film.

Outside the store, the old man momentarily gives one last pause before swallowing the pills. I could have shown the old man unscrewing the pill bottle and quickly swallowing the drugs, but I wanted to show him not taking death lightly and actually contemplating his decision. With pills in hand, he notices something out the corner of his eye. Across the street he sees his wife. She, realizing the mistake she made throwing her husband out, ventures outside to find him. She begins to wave at him and the old man waves back. It is then that the old man finds a new lease for life and jumps out into the street to be with his true love. Just as he gets a few feet across the road, a huge semi-truck slams into him, killing him instantly. The old woman is stunned, frozen solid. The truck speeds off without a sign of stopping. The driver leans out of the window, revealing Snuffy the Clown. He waves to the camera and laughs maniacally as he drives away.

This was the ending that I proposed to my committee. It was a quick fix ending. My brain was shot and I had nothing left at the moment. There were just a couple problems. One problem was that the story didn't have a decent ending. The other problem was that my committee

members were the only ones that liked the overall treatment, barring a retooling of the ending. They realized that endings can be the hardest part of a story. Given my previous track record of always delivering on my projects, they had faith in me to devise a better ending later.

During my proposal, only two of my committee members were present; Bernie Roddy was a no-show. Looking back on the incident, I knew it wasn't going to go well. As soon as I entered the room, the stench of tired, disgruntled professors nearly overcame me. I was probably number 874 in a week of proposals being submitted from undergraduates and graduates alike. After a lengthy discussion, the other voting members couldn't grasp the idea of a person being so heart broken that it drives them to suicide. In the end, my story was shot down, three to two. My committee members and I were shocked. After I was declined, I found that all my fellow graduate students who submitted their proposals that day were also rejected. Clearly, the professors were burnt out and needed a break. I desperately talked with my committee members to figure out what went wrong. They all agreed there was something amiss about that day with the feelings and attitudes of everyone there. Shortly after, I re-proposed, as did my fellow rejected classmates, and my story was finally passed. The hard part was done. Now all I had to do was *make* the film.

### Chapter 3: Are We There Yet?

The spring quarter of 2001 ended and I was on my own to complete my film. Days turned into weeks, which turned into months, and months into years. My thesis went through countless revisions, changes, and tweaks. All these modifications to my film seemed almost too numerous to mention.

For starters, I needed a name for my “old man” and “old woman.” I always felt that part of the job of the independent animator was to not only animate characters, but to also bring them to life. The simple task of naming them is a crucial step. I stared deeply at the sketch of my old man for a good while. Then it hit me. This lovable, yet flawed old man should be called Jimmy. The name Jimmy came from my grandfather on my father’s side, James. I can still recall my grandmother, Nana as we called her, yelling to him, “Jimmy? Did you start the Swisher yet? The lawn needs mowing!” I later named Jimmy’s wife, the old woman, Judith. I picked Judith randomly from a group of names I thought sounded old.

Next, I stretched out and tweaked the opening scene of Jimmy getting thrown out. Initially, I had them living in an apartment complex. To add a bit more “oldness” to them, I changed their living space to a retirement home. I named it Shady Pines in an homage to the *Golden Girls* from the fictional retirement home that Dorothy (Bee Arthur) would threaten to send her mother Sophia (Estelle Getty) if she didn’t behave.



I also wanted to add more action to the scene. After Jimmy and Judith start fighting behind closed doors because he had fallen asleep after they have sex, Judith opens the door to kick him out. The first thing the audience sees is Jimmy running out into the hall stark naked. Showing elderly nakedness I thought would add that extra “gross” touch to the scene. Judith then throws out his pants, his walker, and finally his underwear. As in most comedic scenes, funny things often happen in three’s, the third being the topper. I added to the comedy of this by having Judith not just throw Jimmy’s underwear (stains and all of course) at him, but rather, shoot them like a rubber-band hitting him in the face and knocking him down. I thought this would add a great opportunity for physical comedy as well as give me a chance to produce some great character animation.

For the first time, in all my films, I was actually able to create my own real music using a program called Cool Edit Pro (later bought out and renamed Adobe Audition). This program gives you hundreds of small audio clips to combine and edit yourself, copyright free. For example, I was able create a fast pace rhythmic beat for when Jimmy runs out of the apartment and has his things thrown at him. Adding this music intensifies the action in the scene and helps make the audience anticipate the next move watching it. With a low, repeating base riff for background music, Jimmy gets up and walks back to the apartment door which is now shut, his bare butt out in the breeze. I positioned the camera behind Jimmy specifically to get a shot of Jimmy’s butt jiggling about. After modeling

Jimmy naked, his butt looked like it belonged to a 15 year old boy. I thought it was funny, being on an 80 year old man, so I kept it.

Additionally, Jimmy also got his own theme music. My first thought was to have the music be all A Capella sung by me. I wanted to record myself singing all the parts and then change the pitches to create harmony. I quickly realized that I can't carry a tune like I used to in elementary school. My other alternative was to create something using Cool Edit Pro. In the end, I mixed together music that was somewhere between the light and funny mood I wanted to keep in my film as well as maintaining the melancholy depression of Jimmy.

At one point I made a list of things that I thought felt are stereotypically associated with the elderly. This list proved to come in handy for this scene, as I plucked from it a walker and dentures. As Jimmy frantically knocks on the door for Judith to let him back in, to Jimmy's delight, she opens the door. At first, Jimmy thinks she has come to her senses, but instead, she hands him his dentures. Judith shuts the door, then reopens it to slap the dentures out of Jimmy's hand and shuts the door again, adding insult to injury. It was a simple and subtle motion which worked effectively. Just when it seems Jimmy can't get anymore depressed, the door opens for the third time for Judith to kick Jimmy three times in his "man-hood." Again, this uses the comedic gag of threes but with a double attack this time with the three kicks. Judith kicking Jimmy in the groin was a direct attack on Jimmy because of his failure to satisfy in bed. Watching someone, animated or not, getting kicked in the crotch is

always funny. With the camera now facing the hallway, we see Jimmy holding himself in pain as he falls to the ground in agony. The door is shut for the last time just before his limp body hits the rug.

One of the biggest changes to the story came in scene 2 when Jimmy leaves Shady Pines. The first draft had Jimmy recalling all the wrong things he had done. I wanted to change that to give him a bit more motivation to find the assisted suicide store. Jimmy needed to try to commit suicide first and then fail. My first thought was to place Jimmy on a bridge (see Appendix F). He would tie one end of a rope to his body and the other end to a rock. After throwing the rock off the ledge, the rope would break and nothing would happen. That idea was just not funny enough. There was no gag and not much action. Also the thought of trying to create a rope that moved and uncoiled scared me to death. My final thought, after a few more failed attempts, was to have Jimmy try and shoot himself. In this scenario, Jimmy puts the gun to his head and tries to shoot. The problem being, no bullets come out. After clicking the trigger a dozen times (in a six shooter), Jimmy gives up and throws the gun over his shoulder. When the gun hits the ground, off camera, the gun fires and the audience hears a cat scream. I felt this lent itself to some great comedic character animation for later as well as leaving it up to the audience to imagine a cat getting startled by a bullet. To maintain the empathy and sympathy toward Jimmy, I added a few brief shots of him staring longingly at a torn picture of him and Judith. This helps preserve

the character motivation for the audience as to why Jimmy wants to commit suicide.

True to cartoon magic, Jimmy miraculously spots the suicide store which just so happens to be located right in front of him. When Jimmy sees the suicide store in front of him he lifts his glasses to get a clearer view. My first thought was to have Jimmy's eyes disappear from his glasses as he raises them revealing Jimmy's tiny pea sized eyes. However, I ran into technical difficulties attempting this. So, as a quick fix, I left Jimmy's eyes attached to his glasses as he raises them, still revealing tiny eyes on his head. This gag still makes me smile and was a great success at screenings.

The store itself went through countless revisions not only on the structure, but also with the name as well. The first name I came up with was "Little Ernie's House of Euthanasia." This was before Snuffy was named. I dropped "Little Ernie" and replaced it with "Uncle Snuffy", the mascot and owner. I then dropped "House" and changed it to "Warehouse," insinuating the vast size. I kept "Euthanasia" instead of changing it to "Suicide" primarily because it sounded more professional. Finally, I added "Discount" to the title. "Discount" implied to me that there were other stores selling the same things, but at a higher price. "Uncle Snuffy's Discount Euthanasia Warehouse" is your one stop shop for all your suicide needs.

At the beginning of scene three, Jimmy enters the store. The store is a composite of all large department and grocery store chains that

plaster the world; i.e. Wal-Mart, K-Mart, Target. They all have automatic doors, piles of shopping carts, and labeled isles or departments to make it easier for shoppers to find what they need. As Jimmy is looking around, he sees all the various items stocked high in the isles as “elevator music” plays in the background. There are knives, nooses, poisons, guns, and even a “Suicide for Dummies” book (see Appendix E). Casually, Jimmy strolls through the isles with his shopping cart (ironically, as if he were planning to stock up on supplies) window shopping for the perfect item. This leads to the shots of Jimmy eyeing the perfect bargain that he just couldn’t pass up (the Sale). My first drafts never really had a particular item in mind, so I was free to make it whatever I wanted. Considering my original idea of an unlabeled bottle of pills, I that felt was too easy and commonly used in this situation, as are guns. I wanted something that was familiar but with a suicide spin to it. So, I created Kellogg’s (with three g’s) Cyanide Frosties cereal. It’s a cereal packed with ironic sugary and KCN (cyanide) goodness. The box depicts a cartoon child eating the cereal with X’s for his eyes (X’s often indicating death in cartoons).

It’s at this point my story takes a dramatic change from its original conception. I completely dropped the character Jaundice. I realized that even though I modeled, textured, and bound Jaundice as a character, he did nothing to further my storyline. I had to dump him from the entire project changing almost everything in the story from that point on. Instead of Jaundice fighting Jimmy over the Cyanide Frosties, I inserted the shots of Jimmy’s encounter with Uncle Snuffy. Jimmy gives a quick double take,

looking at the cereal box then looking at Uncle Snuffy. The camera does a quick swish pan from Jimmy to Snuffy. I like the use of swish pans. In this case, it focuses the audience's attention on the two characters, Jimmy and Snuffy, without a long drawn out camera move. To add to Snuffy's mystique, I gave him a cigarette and a look of contempt for everyone and everything.

Casually, Snuffy makes his way over to Jimmy, complete with squeaky, oversized clown shoes. Jimmy has a look of sheer puzzlement with the sight of Snuffy. Snuffy then whips out an elongated balloon; blows it up, and ties it into a "balloon hangman" (see Appendix E). Snuffy offers the balloon hangman as a peace offering. Reluctantly, Jimmy takes it. As he's examining it, the balloon explodes, startling Jimmy. The camera cuts back to Snuffy who is laughing hysterically. I wanted this to give the audience a reason not to like Snuffy; to view him as an antagonist to Jimmy's protagonist character. I also made Snuffy's laugh a high pitched annoying squeak that keeps going on and on adding to the audience's dislike of him. Suddenly Snuffy has a heart attack from all the excitement, falls over abruptly, and dies.

This moment is in homage to one of my favorite films, *The Princess Bride*. In the scene, Vizzini, impeccably played by Wallace Shawn, is convinced he's beaten Westley (Cary Elwes) in a game of wits in which he believes he has tricked Westley into drinking a deadly poison. Unbeknownst to him, it is *he* who has indeed taken the deadly poison and not Westley. Vizzini begins laughing manically, suddenly stops frozen, and

falls over stiff as a board, dead. This was one of all my all time favorite scenes in a film that is filled with quotable lines and gestures.

The following perspective camera shot is set as if it were on Snuffy's stomach as he's lying on the ground. The audience sees Snuffy's two legs and feet pointing up in the air. The shot is very close to a point-of-view from Snuffy as if he is looking on in a state of comatose, but it's not. Cautiously, Jimmy peers around Snuffy's feet in horror and amazement and looks into the camera. Adding more of the classic Looney Tunes type humor, Jimmy pulls out a stick from nowhere and pokes Snuffy in the foot to see if he is still alive. Since Snuffy's clown shoes squeak as he walks, I made them squeak every time Jimmy moved them with the stick. Then, just as carefully as Jimmy came into the shot, he slowly backs out of frame after not seeing any movement from Snuffy. I also had Jimmy casually whistle indicating that he had nothing to do with the death if anyone happened to ask, adding another comical element.

The final scene opens with Jimmy walking out of "Uncle Snuffy's Discount Euthanasia Warehouse" carrying his box of Cyanide Frosties to the beat of his theme music. One personal problem I had in some of the earlier drafts was showing how Jimmy pays for his cereal. It sounds petty since it's a make believe world, but it really bothered me. However, by having Snuffy "die," this allowed me to give Jimmy the excuse of being unable to pay for the cereal since Snuffy was not there to take his money. This made me sleep better at night.

Then, to show Jimmy isn't just jumping into killing himself without thinking, he gazes at the cereal in deep thought, contemplating his choice. Jimmy spots Judith out of the corner of his eye, does a double take, she waves at him from across the street, and he waves back. This is the last remaining aspect from my earlier drafts. It is at this point the ending takes a drastic turn from my original draft. Jimmy takes a few more quick looks back and fourth from the cereal box to Judith. Visually, I wanted to show Jimmy's thought process for which choice he would ultimately make; should he kill himself or go back to Judith, the woman who drove him to where he was now? With glee in his eyes Jimmy throws the cereal box over his shoulder and heads for Judith across the street. Straight out of *10* with Dudley Moore and Bo Derek, Jimmy and Judith run in slow motion toward each other, complete with slow, slightly romantic, and angelic music. Like many other parodies of *10*, mine was no different. Judith's breasts and hair jiggle and bounce with every step. I loved the opportunity to exaggerate any and all human appendages. Just when you think Jimmy and Judith will run into each others arms, Jimmy trips over a rock – the only rock on the entire road. As his foot hits the rock and his body begins to plummet, I added the sound of a record scratching as if everything, including the music, was interrupted. Still in slow motion, Jimmy falls to the ground landing on his face. Even Jimmy's grunts and groans are slowed down to a base level moan.

As Jimmy is lying on the ground, Judith continues to run forward. Still in slow motion, Judith not only passes Jimmy, she crushes his head



with her fuzzy pink slippers in the process. Technically speaking, deforming Jimmy's head with Maya Fur on it was quite difficult. Although the geometry deformed with the help of lattice deformers and clusters, the fur still did not move. If you look for it, you can see the fur go straight into the sidewalk. At this point in the film, I didn't have time, nor did I want to take anymore time than I already had, to fix the problem. Judith continues on her path, straight into the arms of none other than Uncle Snuffy the Clown. This was the plot twist I needed. My rationale was that this was a make-believe world that I created; I could do whatever I wanted as long as I remained consistent. To make Snuffy's appearance more "believable," I used some of the medical equipment I had intended for Jaundice (blood bag, oxygen tank, mask, urine bag, and heart monitor.) Unfortunately, the shot passes so fast, many people have since told me they didn't notice the medical equipment. However, this did not seem to ruin the enjoyment or understanding of the story for them.

Still a bit shaken, Jimmy's head pops up from off screen. Once his eyes refocus, Jimmy does a double take, complete with accompanying camera jolts to intensify his reaction. He sees Snuffy and Judith kissing. To stay true to myself and my work, I had to go the extra mile with the kissing and make it tad more graphic. Soon the kissing turned into making out, which then turned into full on slobbering with close-ups of rotten teeth and tongues curling around each other. Upon seeing this, Jimmy's expression changes from leaning forward in disbelief, to reeling back in disgust. This was an important physical expression to capture. If I screwed

that up, the meaning would be completely lost. As a final kicker, I added one more shot; a close-up of Judith and Snuffy's tongues slapping at each other up and down accompanied with a quick and fast paced guitar riff mimicking "porn music."

Sickened and fed up, Jimmy throws his hands in the air and walks away. Then Jimmy's ears twitch as something in the far distance catches his attention. Slowly, the faint sounds of a fast paced techno drum beat get louder and louder. Jimmy turns around to see where it's coming from. In another quick swish pan camera movement, Jimmy's line of sight goes from looking at the retirement home to a gentleman's club, which ironically happens to be next door. With quick close-ups, zooming in and out, I cut to various parts of "The Itch E. Cooter" Gentleman's Club.

The name, "The Itch E. Cooter," was designed to be a farce on the name of the owner of the establishment. I got the idea from some old jokes my dad used to tell me as a child. The jokes went something like this; "Who wrote the book *The Yellow Stream*? Answer: I. P. Daily. Who wrote the book *Cat's Revenge*? Answer: Clawed Balz." This was parenting at its finest. I went online and came up with a laundry list of possible club names. Here are just a few that didn't make the cut; Hal Atossis, Harry Ballsak, Purdy Cooter, Harry Aynus, and Buster Anis. In the end, "The Itch E. Cooter" won approval over the others.

In order to get the look of the club just right, I had to do *extensive* research at various gentlemen's clubs. It was a dirty job, but nothing was too good for my film. The one thing that I found was, that most, if not all,

of the clubs that I visited looked grungy and seedy on the outside. They were dark, dirty, and run down buildings often in the bad parts of neighborhoods. I reflected this in my version by using old brick siding, peeling paint around the windows, trash and trashcans sprawled about, and a sinister looking chain link fence around the building.

Through my patronage of the clubs, I gathered an array of ideas. One idea was flashing neon lights. Every club had neon lights somewhere. I wanted a logo sign of a woman, yet I also wanted it to remain somewhat tasteful. In the end, I came up with a neon dance pole with a neon pair of legs on either side. The neon legs would rhythmically flash in an up and down motion mimicking a woman dancing on a pole. Furthermore, I needed lots of advertising signs; "Live Dancers," "Over 18 Only," and "Girls, Girls, Girls." These were the more common signs I found during my research. One sign I came across was from a club called The Klassy Kat in New York. One of their main selling points was a fabulous *salad bar*. I found that extremely funny. Just the thought of some guy using the excuse of a salad bar to convince his wife to go to this club, I found hysterical. So, with the music loudly beating the camera cuts to each window focusing on the signs as well as the neon legs making sure that the audience sees the type of establishment the music is emanating from.

As the music gets louder, Jimmy begins to move his pelvis in time with the rhythm. Astonished, he looks down at his thrusting crotch, not really believing what is happening to him. Jimmy promptly embraces the music and lets his body be free. At this point, the rest of the instruments

come in creating a full blown techno rhythm. Jimmy dances and sways to the music rejoicing that he has found his one haven and true calling in the gentleman's club. The music coming from the strip club has rejuvenated Jimmy and given him a new lease on life showing him that there *are* things worth living for. Jimmy continues to dance into the club excited as ever. As soon as the doors close, the timer in his pants starts the countdown. Ten seconds later outside the club, the audience only hears Jimmy's moans and groans of pleasure as he prematurely ejaculates simply by watching half-naked girls dance. Jimmy is happy and all is right in the world.

## Chapter 4: Bringing It Home

The journey of creating *10 Second Jimmy* was a winding road. It took me over three years to get to what seemed like an uncertain destination. An elderly couple fights over the old man's premature ejaculation, which drives him to search for means of suicide. This was my "masterpiece." This was my thesis.

With this ending, I was able to stay true to the characters, especially Jimmy. He didn't get his wife back, but that's ok. And Jimmy's ok. His journey took him to the depths of his inner soul where his darkest thoughts lie. He thought he lost everything and thus was willing to stare death straight in the eye and accept his *chosen* fate; an important aspect to remember. Jimmy chose his own fate. No one forced him to put a gun to his head; that was his decision. However, when all was said and done, Jimmy learned a lesson and grew as a character and human being. He learned that nothing; neither a woman, nor a job, nor money, or anything, is worth ending your own life because right around the corner could be that young 19 year old girl in a gentlemen's club, willing to jiggle her goodies just to put a smile on your face (and put herself through college). One of the main lessons in this film is about the absurdity and uselessness of suicide. Even though I expressed these thoughts and opinions through irony and gross humor, the underlying meanings behind them are still true nonetheless. In the end, Skip was right. I needed to create a film that "said something" and was important to me.

Now, I could tell you that I learned a huge lesson too from making this film, that there is more to life than just sexual humor and poop jokes, but that wouldn't be entirely true. The fact being; I like sexual humor and poop jokes. Some may think they're juvenile, but I find them extremely funny. It's different for everyone. You need to find what you love and be true to yourself when you find it.

This is other main message behind *10 Second Jimmy*; just as Jimmy did in his journey, everyone needs to find what they love and not waste energy pursuing other things. At the end of the film, Jimmy came to the realization that he didn't love Judith and she didn't love him. The strange thing is, I balked at the thought of "learning something" while making this film. But in reality, I was learning the whole time, right alongside Jimmy.

**“Untitled”  
BY  
Kevin McNulty**

**MFA Imaging Arts/ Computer Animation  
SCHOOL OF FILM AND ANIMATION  
ROCHESTER INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY  
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK  
May, 2004**

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Howard Lester, Chair  
Professor  
School of Film and Animation

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Skip Battaglia  
Professor  
School of Film and Animation

---

Bernie Roddy  
Adjunct Professor  
School of Film and Animation

**Kevin McNulty**  
**Thesis Treatment 2**  
**May 2001**

Our story begins in the hall of a run down apartment building. Gradually, the camera trucks in on the outside of one of the apartment doors. Suddenly the door flies open and a naked old man stumbles out holding an article of clothing covering his crotch. Other articles of clothing and a walker are randomly being thrown out the door at the man. An old lady, half naked and surrounded by cats comes to the door and slams it. The old man is standing there still half naked. The door quickly opens again, and a hand reaches out and stuffs a pair of dentures in the man's hand. Fade to black.

Fade from black on the old man on the street looking sad with his head down. He is holding a picture of his lady friend. Tears drop on the picture. He begins to walk with his walker down the street with his head down. From the man's face, we fade into a montage of various scenes in which the old man is "being a guy" and unintentionally making his wife mad and taking her for granted (falling asleep while having sex, looking at other women, leaving the toilet seat up, eating like a pig,...). We then fade back in on the man's face. Suddenly he stops. He smiles a big toothless grin. He then shoves his dentures in his mouth to give himself an even bigger smile. We then see in a POV shot that he is standing in front of "Little Ernie's House of Euthanasia." He begins to walk towards it.

Inside is a full store of various items to kill one-self with (nooses, razors, pills, etc.). The old man begins to walk around looking at the items. He walks by a clown holding a few deflated balloons. The clown looks at him and pulls out a long balloon and blows it up. He then begins to make something out of the balloon. When the clown is finished, he hands it to the old man. It is a man with a noose around his neck made out of a balloon. The clown then walks away as his shoes make funny noises as he pushes his shopping cart.

Over the P.A. speaker, it is announced that a certain drug is on sale and there are only a few left. The old man races to the beginning of the aisle and stops. He sees that there is only one bottle left of the sale item. He then looks up and sees across the aisle that another old man in an automatic wheelchair spies the same single bottle. They both stare at each other and the bottle. Each clench their hands on their "vehicles" (the walker and the wheelchair) as if they were motorcycles. The moment is tense and suddenly they both start moving towards the bottle. With quick cutting, it will seem as though they are speeding very fast, until an over head shot shows they are actually moving very slowly. Finally they reach each other and lightly tap one another with the walker and wheelchair. They both fall over instantly (similar to the guy in the raincoat riding a tricycle on "Laugh In") They then both begin to press their "medic-alert-necklaces." From out of nowhere, four little men (they will look similar to Willy Wonka's oompa-loompas) with their own theme music come over, help the two old men up and then leave.

After a bit of struggling with the bottle, the old man hits the other old man's wheelchair control lever. The wheelchair sparks and then heads out of control in reverse. The second old man screams as he is rolled away. The first old man smiles in triumph, then frowns putting his head down. He walks off camera. Fade to black.

Fade from black into the outside of the store as the old man comes out and crosses the street. Once on the other side of the street, we see in the background that the other old man in the background is coming out of the store ( his wheel chair a bit broken). He rolls out into the street just as a big mack truck comes by. The old man does not notice.



He begins walking with his head down, holding the pills, the picture of his wife, and the balloon hangman. Out of nowhere, he bumps into someone, and they drop something. He bends down to pick it up, and it is a bottle of pills. He looks up to see his wife standing in front of him holding a picture of him and a balloon hangman. They both stare into each others eyes, drop everything, and hug. Cut to a long shot of them holding hands walking away. As we pan to the right, we see the outside drivers side door to a mack truck. A hand comes out and adjusts the door mirror to reveal the driver to be the clown. He smiles, puts the truck in gear, and blows his horn. End.



	Aug. 26	Sept. 2	Sept. 9	Sept. 16	Sept. 23	Sept. 30.	Oct. 7	Oct. 14	Oct. 21
Storyboard									
Modeling	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Texturing	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Lighting	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Animating			X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Rendering									
Editing									
Sound									
Break									

	Oct. 28	Nov. 4	Nov. 11	Nov. 18	Nov. 25	Dec. 2	Dec. 9	Dec. 16	Dec. 23
Storyboard									
Modeling									
Texturing									
Lighting									
Animating	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	
Rendering						X	X	X	
Editing									
Sound									
Break					X				X

	Dec. 30	Jan. 6	Jan. 13	Jan. 20	Jan. 27	Feb. 3	Feb. 10	Feb. 17	Feb. 24
Storyboard									
Modeling									
Texturing									
Lighting									
Animating		X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Rendering		X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Editing		X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Sound		X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Break	X								

# SUMMARY:

APRIL 24 – MAY 19 (STORYBOARD)

MAY 20 – SEPTEMBER 5 (MODELING, TEXTURING, LIGHTING)

SEPTEMBER 6 – NOVEMBER 20 (FINISH MODELING, TEXTURING, LIGHTING; ANIMATE, RENDERING)

NOVEMBER 21 – DECEMBER 2 (THANKSGIVING BREAK - NO WORK)

DECEMBER 3 – DECEMBER 22 (ANIMATE, RENDERING, EDITING, SOUND)

DECEMBER 23 – JANUARY 4 (WINTER BREAK – NO WORK)

JANUARY 5 – FEBRUARY 22 ? (SCREENING DAY) (ANIMATE, RENDERING, EDITING, SOUND, DUPLICATING)

NUMBER OF CREDITS: FALL QUARTER – 6

WINTER - 6

KEVIN MCNULTY  
MAY 2001  
**MARKETING PLAN**

List of festivals /competitions /distribution I plan on submitting to:

1. IFilm.com (anytime)( <http://www.ifilm.com>)
2. SIGGRAPH 2002 (March 15, 2002)
3. New York Animation Festival (May 15, 2002)
4. New York Film Festival (July 11, 2002)
5. Honors Show at R.I.T.
6. ACB Sacramento Film and Music Festival (June 8, 2002)
7. The Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers Rochester, NY Section, & Rochester Audiovisual Association (June 30)
8. Movie On A Shoestring
9. International Animation Festival in Japan, Hiroshima 2002
10. Dented (<http://www.den.net/coolnew/youatden/index.html>)
11. Spike and Mike Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation (anytime)  
([http://www.ifilm.com/db/static\\_text/0.1699.1286.00.html](http://www.ifilm.com/db/static_text/0.1699.1286.00.html) )

KEVIN MCNULY  
MAY, 2001  
**BUDGET**

	<i>ESTIMATE</i>	<i>IN KIND</i>	<i>ACUTUAL</i>
Research	\$500	\$500	\$0
Script	\$1200	\$1200	\$0
Storyboard	\$1200	\$1200	\$0
Animatic	\$1200	\$1200	\$0
3D Character Design	\$4000	\$4000	\$0
3D Character Animation	\$8000	\$8000	\$0
3D Background Modeling	\$3000	\$3000	\$0
Soundtrack Composition	\$500	\$500	\$0
Soundtrack Recording	\$2000	\$2000	\$0
Editing	\$5000	\$5000	\$0
Hardware	\$15,000	\$15,000	\$0
Software	\$20, 000	\$20,000	\$0
Orb Drive	\$300	\$300	\$0
Orb Disks	\$120	\$0	\$120
CD's	\$20	\$0	\$20
Videotapes	\$100	\$0	\$100
Vending Machine Food	\$500	\$0	\$500
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$62, 640</b>	<b>\$61,900</b>	<b>\$740</b>

# Graduate Thesis Proposal Contract

Proposal Untitled  
Student Kevin McNulty

Committee Chair Howard Lester  
Committee Mem. Skip Battaglia  
Committee Mem. Bernie Roddy

Treatment\_\_\_ Budget\_\_\_ Timeline\_\_\_ Supporting  
Materials\_\_\_

Discussion Notes: *ENDING needs improvement. Confusing details  
in opening set-ups. "Why does he WANT to die?"*

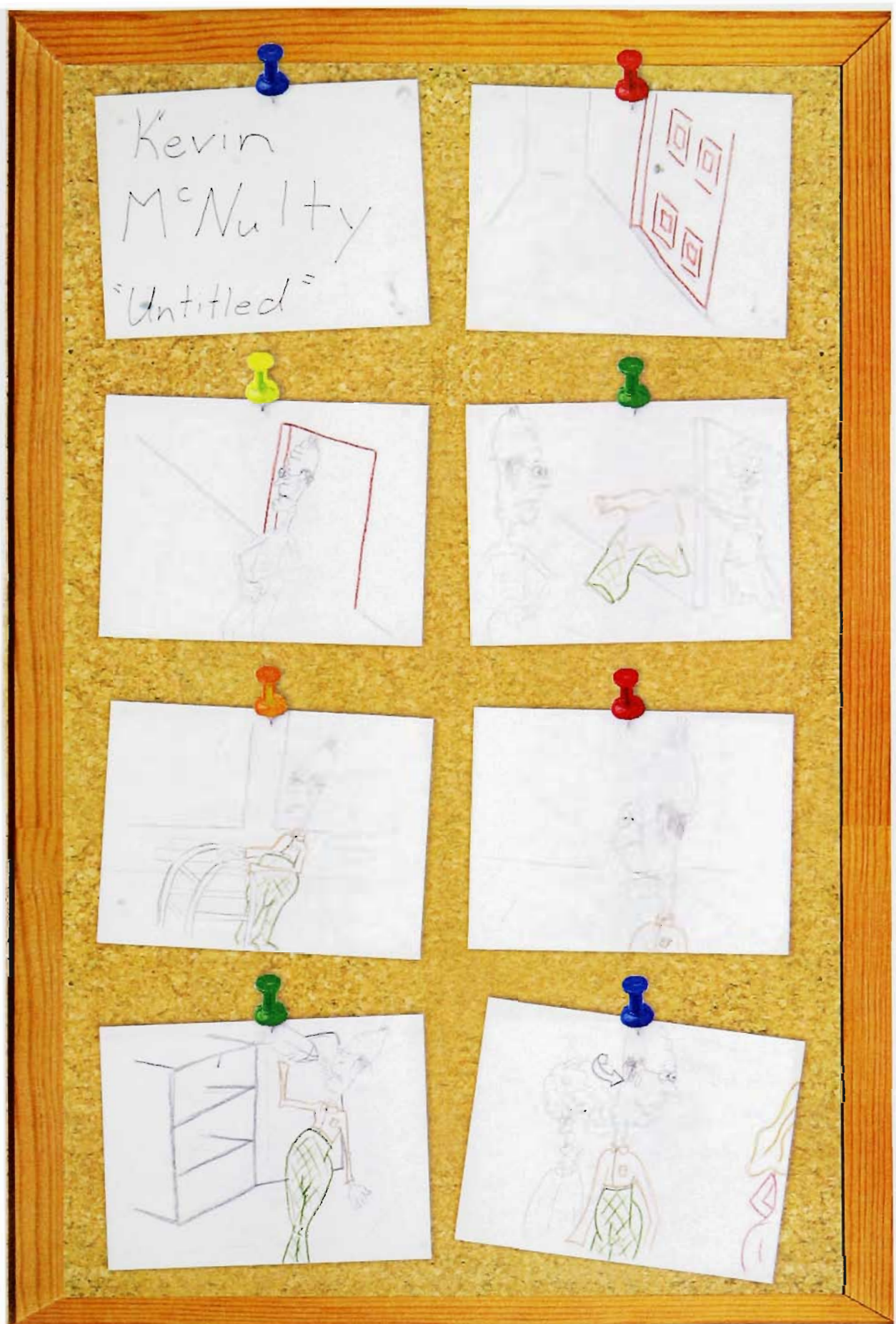
Not Approved\_\_\_ Date for resubmission\_\_\_  
Approved ✓ Project to be completed by\_\_\_  
Conditions of Approval:

For the faculty\_\_\_ Date 5/11/01  
Committee Chair or Dept. Chair Signature

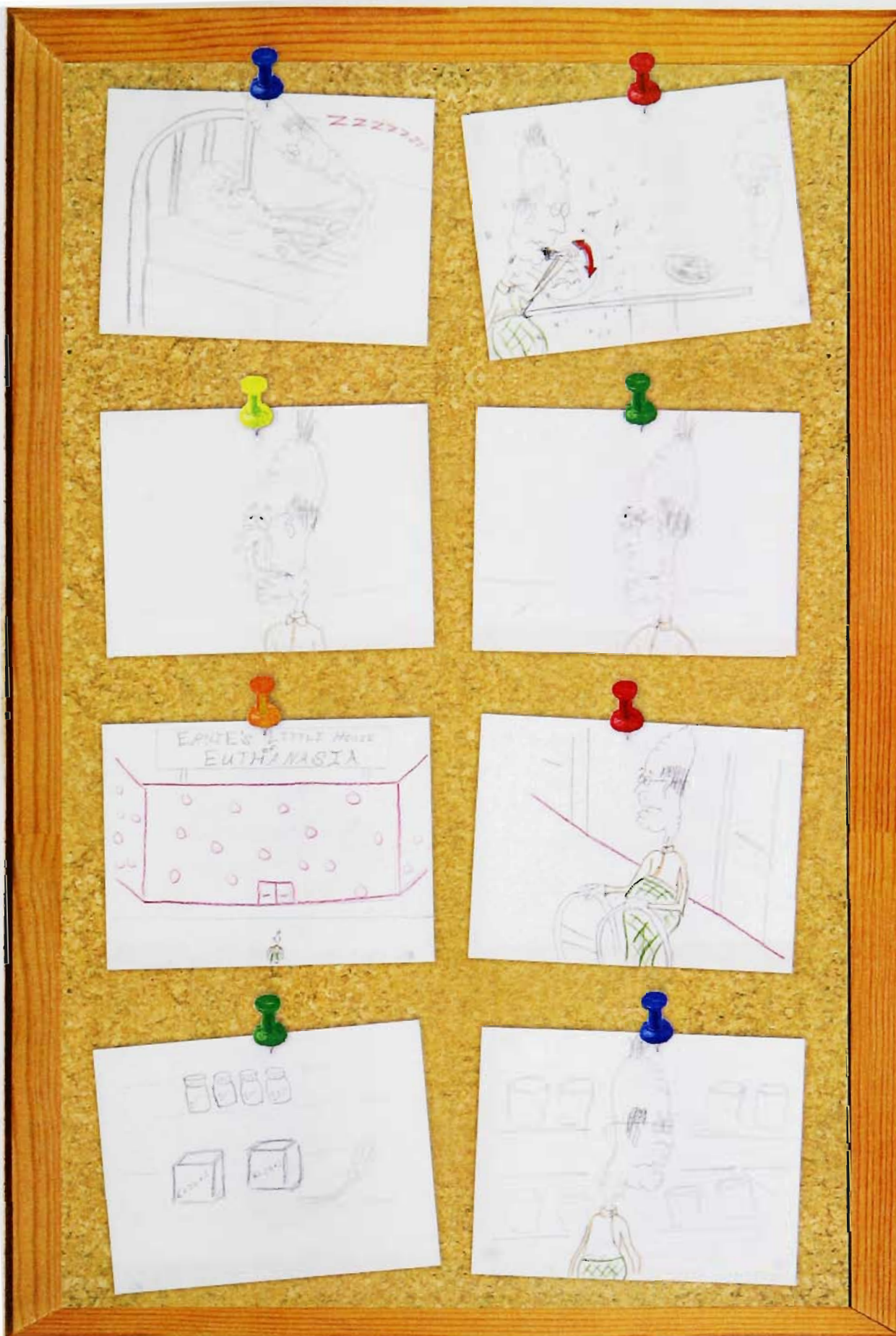
I accept that the above is an accurate record of the  
conditions of approval of my MFA thesis project.

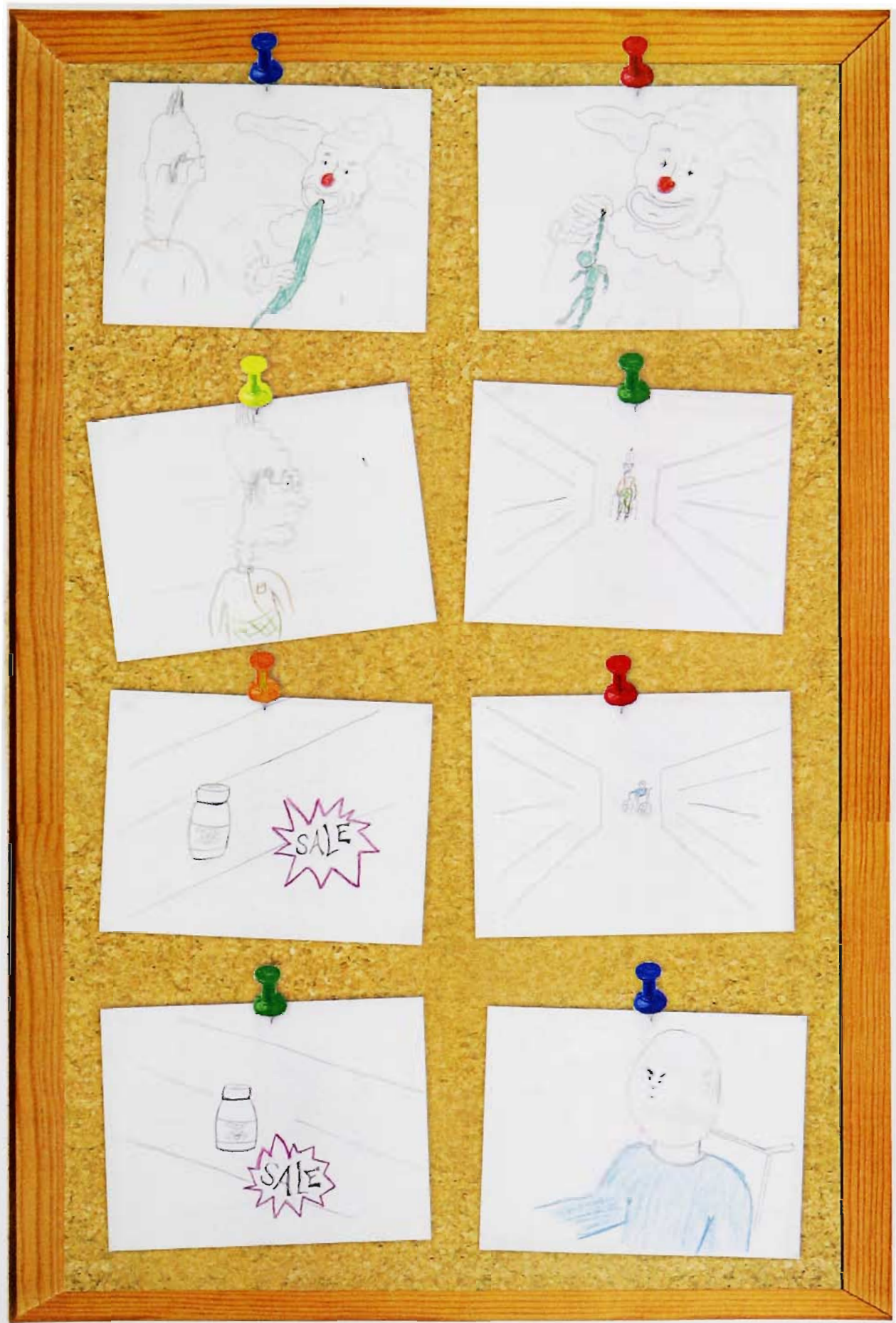
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Student Signature Date 5/11/01



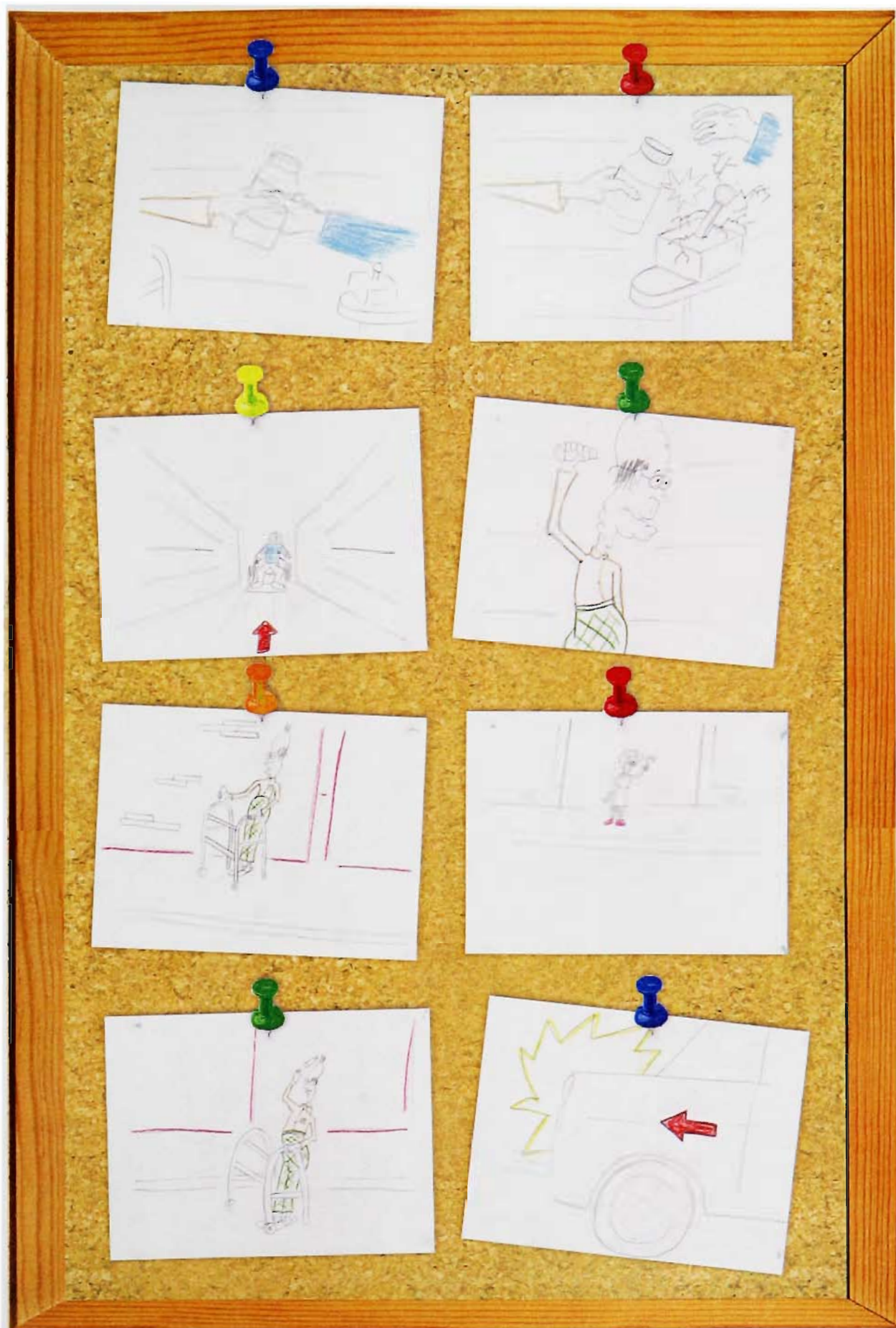






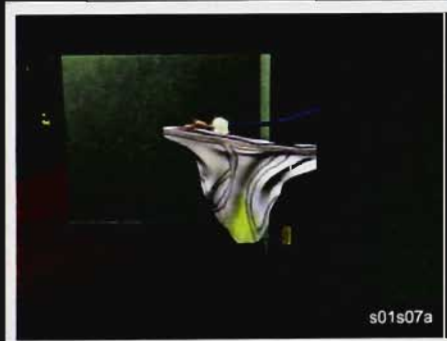










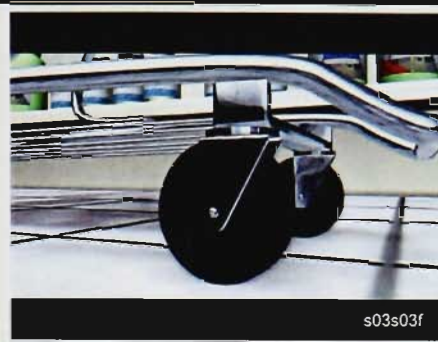






















s04s13c



s04s14e



s04s15e



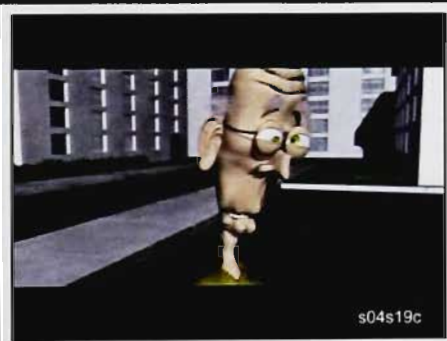
s04s16b



s04s17f



s04s18p



s04s19c



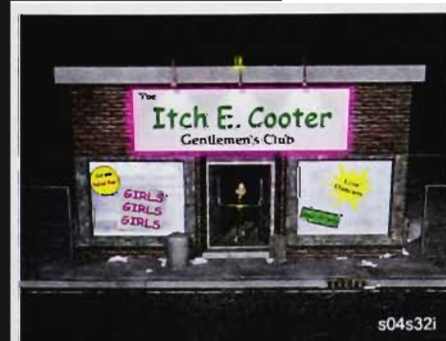
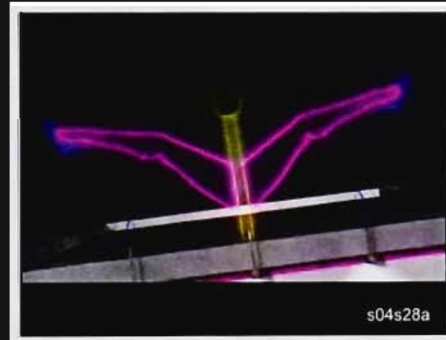
s04s20e



s04s21c



s04s22f



Jimmy





Judith

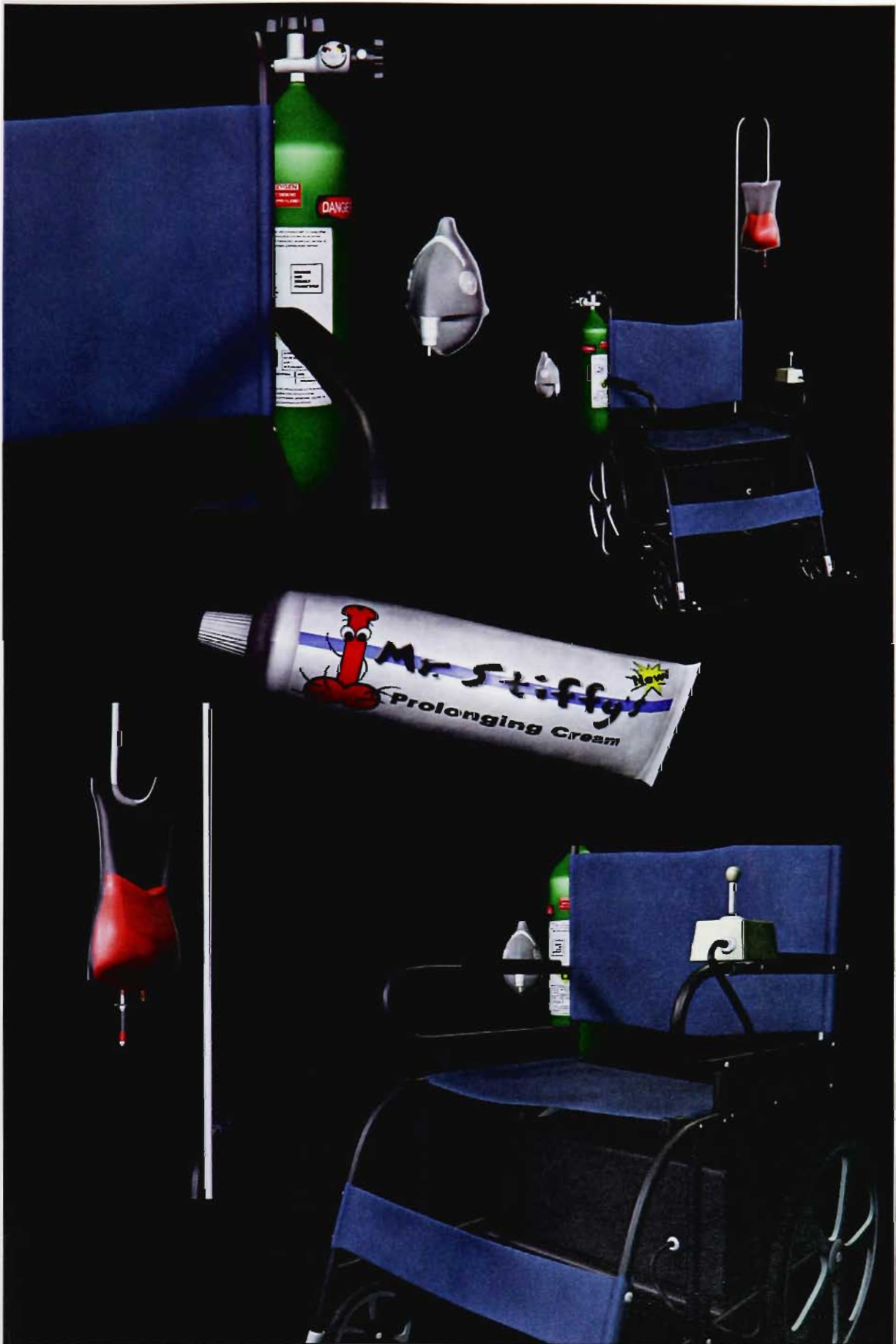






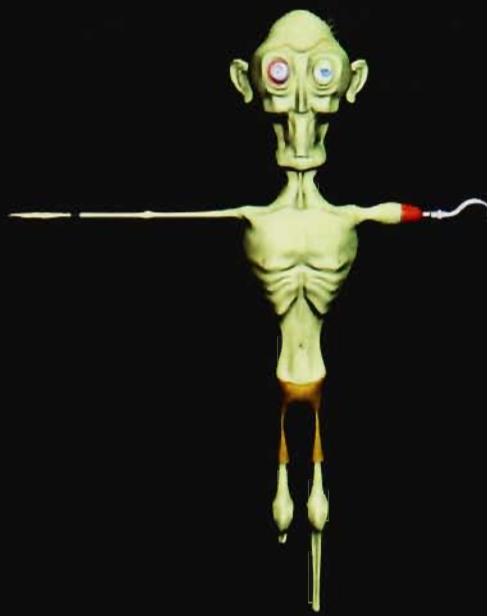








Original Jaundice Concept



Final Jaundice Concept





Abandoned Bridge Concept 01a



Abandoned Bridge Concept 01b



Abandoned Bridge Concept 01c



Abandoned Bridge Concept 02a



Abandoned Bridge Concept 03a



Abandoned Bridge Concept 04a



Abandoned Bridge Concept 04b

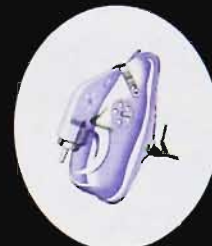
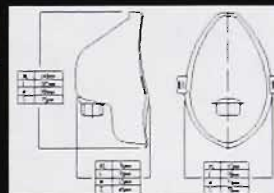
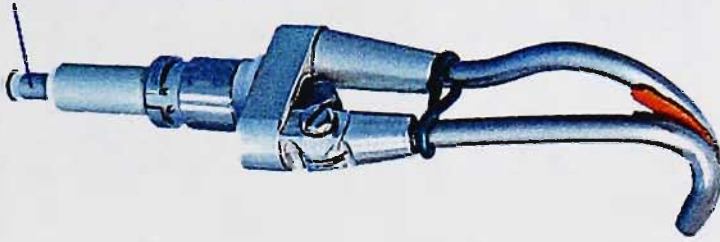


Abandoned Bridge Concept 04c

## Inspiration for Jaundice and Medical Equipment



CENTRAL PUSHROD





## Inspiration for Buildings





Inspiration for Snuffy the Clown





## Inspiration for models



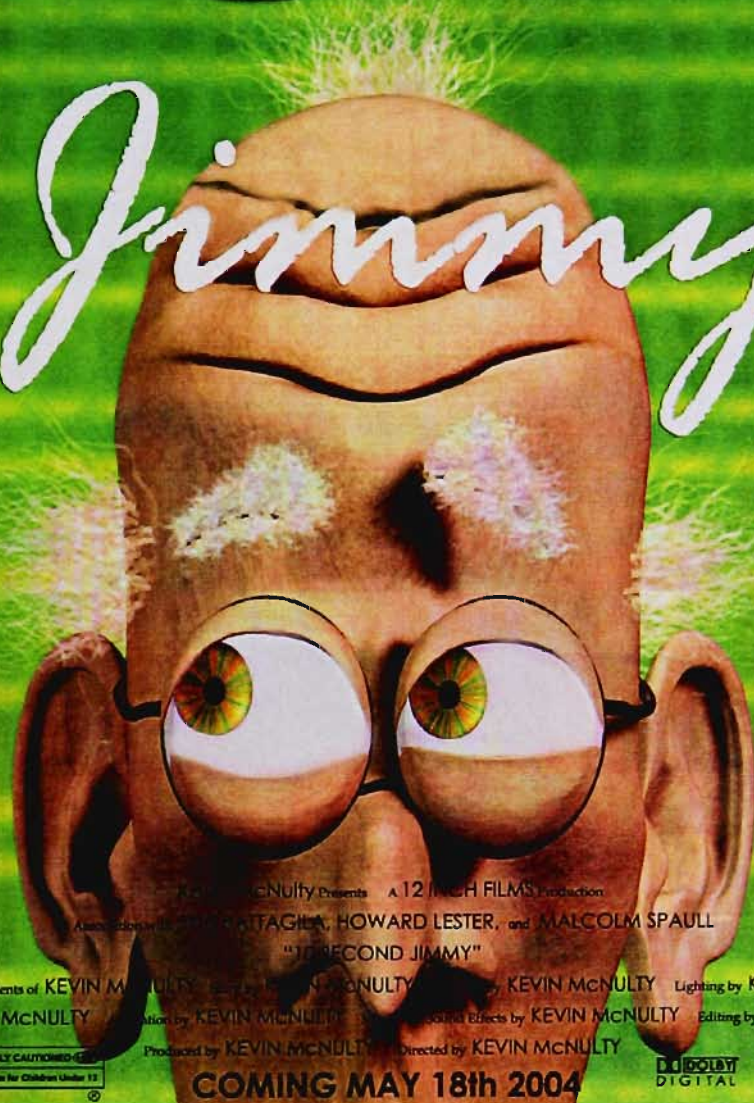


FROM THE CREATOR OF "LOOSE STOOL" AND "DON'T DROP THE SOAP"

a film  
by  
Kevin McNulty

# 10 Second

*Jimmy*



Kevin McNulty Presents A 12 / MACH FILMS Production  
Association with JIM PATTAGLIA, HOWARD LESTER, and MALCOLM SPAULL  
"10 SECOND JIMMY"

Starring the voice talents of KEVIN McNULTY Story by KEVIN McNULTY Music by KEVIN McNULTY Lighting by KEVIN McNULTY  
Texturing by KEVIN McNULTY Animation by KEVIN McNULTY Visual Effects by KEVIN McNULTY Editing by KEVIN McNULTY  
Produced by KEVIN McNULTY Directed by KEVIN McNULTY

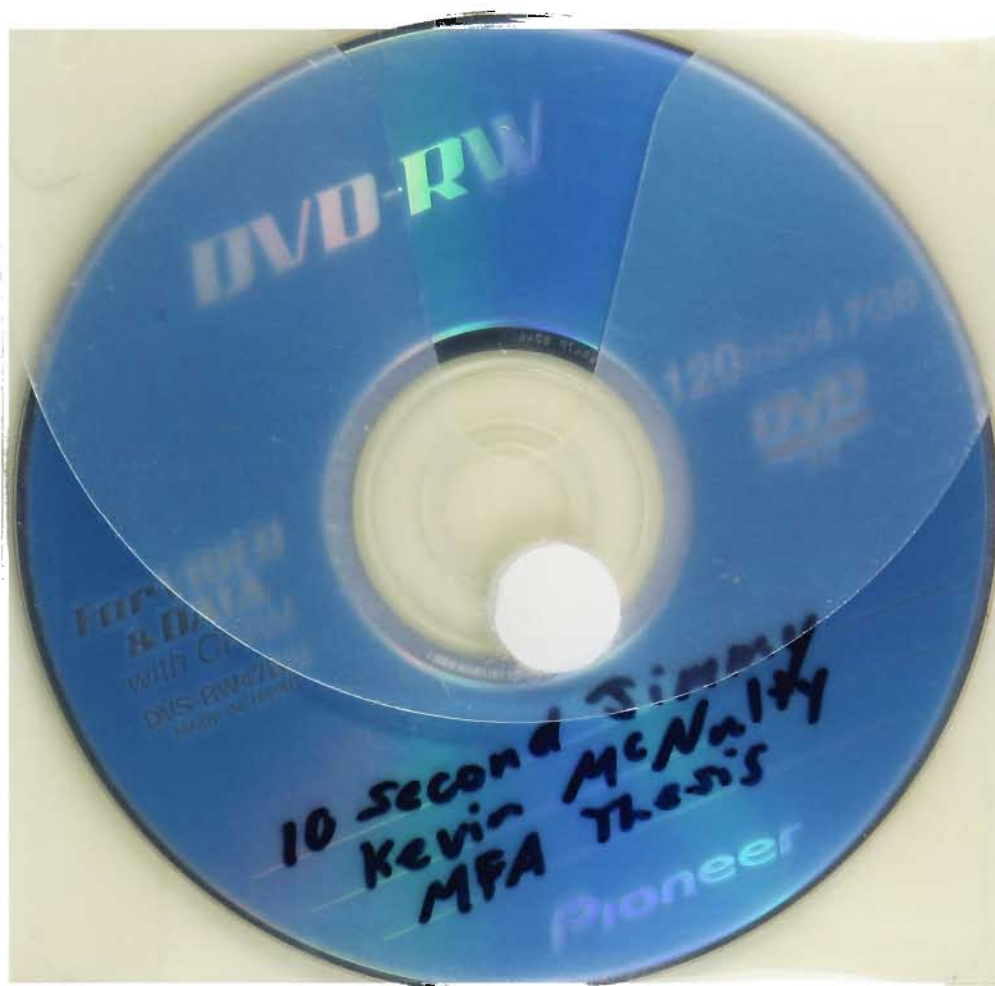
PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED  
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13

COMING MAY 18th 2004

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"10 Second Jimmy" Poster



10 Second Jimmy  
Kevin McNulty  
MFA Thesis

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